

## HERALD AND TRIBUNE.

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JONESBORO, TENN., OCT. 2, 1895.

The silver boom is trying to crowd  
out the American eagle.

The reasons why no intelligent and  
patriotic citizen can afford to be a  
Democrat are multiplying at a rate be-  
wildering to the lightning calculator.

The return of prosperous times is in-  
dicated by a steadily growing deficit in  
the United States treasury, and it will  
not be long before we will be able to  
hand over another batch of interest  
bearing bonds to the Rothschild syndi-  
cate to get the money to pay current  
expenses.

DEMOCRACY is a painted harlot on a  
bike, one leg of her bloomers bedecked  
with gold lace and the other bespang-  
led with silver stars. But "Uncle  
Sam" is a wary, experienced old gen-  
tleman and proof against the smirks,  
frills, fripperies, and the voluptuous  
swell of the calf.

WHAT a change there will be after  
'96! Prosperity will "come on back"  
away ahead of schedule time. The Re-  
publicans will let the currency remain  
just as it is, because it is good enough  
for Americans and too good for the  
syndicate of foreign bankers who are  
now reaping millions out of our indus-  
trial prostration and financial troubles  
under the Cleveland regime. The Re-  
publicans will give the Wilson law a  
fatal twist, and restore the just and  
equitable measure which always main-  
tained the honor and credit of the na-  
tion, provided an ample revenue for  
governmental expenses, and protected  
every form of American industry  
against the pauper products of foreign  
countries.

### "ON THE OLD KENTUCKY SHORE."

That's a mity party but a mity nasty  
fight going on across our Northern  
border line. The wild and waxy bur-  
gooning and whisky guzzling bar-  
barians, who inhabit "The Dark and  
Bloody Ground" are trouncing the  
pot liquor, bourbon and gore out of  
each other in their own peculiar jolly  
style.

The Populist party is old and big  
enough "to go it alone" with their own  
State ticket, numbering 25,000 voters  
and being bushwhacking renegades  
from the Democracy, "the party of  
Jefferson and Jackson" are just that  
number of voters short.

The Democratic party is "The Happy  
Family" no longer. Heavy weight  
leadership severed it in twain, the  
Blackburnian free silver craze domi-  
nating one section and Carlisle dog-  
gery the other. The final result of  
this disruption may be calculated from  
the basis of last year's election, in  
which the Democratic ticket only came  
out 2,500 ahead.

The fiery Jo. Blackburn, whose wide  
influence and great popularity is con-  
ceded by even his enemies in the De-  
mocratic fold, swears he will go back  
to the Senate or a Republican will be  
his successor.

Amid all the din, blare and tumult  
the Republicans are exasperatingly  
serene, happy and confident. They  
don't seem to have a care about the  
grievous trouble of their neighbors,  
only that the pain increased and the  
unfruitful of the contention fall into  
their own hands.

Six months ago Republican success  
in Kentucky was a dim, undefined  
vision, now it is a hope, and if things  
go on as they have commenced it will  
be a reality in November.

Gee Whillikins! The g. o. p. in pos-  
session of Kentucky and Henry Wat-  
terson and Carlisle too.

### MR. BLAND OF MISSOURI.

Hon. Richard P. Bland, of Missouri,  
is on deck as a Presidential candidate.  
His platform is free silver, 16 to 1. He  
knows nothing else. His whole life  
has been attuned to the jingle of the  
white metal. He is the great original sil-  
verite of the western hemisphere. There  
is rich and melting enchantment every-  
time he twangles the silver cord of the  
silver bow. It has ever been true, in  
Congress and out of it. His noted sil-  
ver dollar has been suppressed time  
again, but like the ghost of Banquo,  
"it will not down." He is the ablest,  
sincerest and most consistent man on  
the side of free silver, and if the idola-  
tors of the free silver shrine have the  
courage of their convictions and any  
conception of what a sense of gratitude  
is they will nominate him for the  
Presidency without a dissenting voice.

Bland's makeup is silver throughout,  
from head to heel, from center to  
circumference. His aversion to all  
other money metals is unvarying. He  
hates the yellow stuff "worse" than  
Auld Nick hates holy water. He would  
suicide before he would take a dose  
that had the least suspicion of gold in  
it. Blackburn, Kentucky's most gift-  
ed son and always drunk "on the  
verbosity of his own rhetoric" is Bland's  
boon companion when it comes to love  
silver and hate gold. The fiery Hot-  
spur of the Blue Grass paradise would  
continue his private joys until he filled  
a drunkard's grave before he would  
allow Dr. Keely to inject even his  
golden bichloride into his wasting  
system. Our own venerable states-  
man and Senator Isham G. Harris is  
another Siamese twin of Mr. Bland.  
His abhorrence of anything and every-  
thing that has a yellow sheen upon it  
is illimitable and invincible. He would,  
were it possible, stand on the rim of  
the universe and "cuss" the gold bugs  
until sheol overflowed with the lava  
and brimstone of his profane eloquence.

The Hon. Mr. Bland, of Missouri, is the  
great educator, the principal of the high  
school of silverism. Such alert and  
clear visioned statesmen as Blackburn  
and Harris are adjunct professors whose  
services are invaluable and whose  
abilities are without limit. But Mr.  
Bland is the chieftain. He alone and  
without partners possesses the keen  
Danaeus blade that can cut the  
 Gordian Knot of Democratic vexation  
over the currency. The logic of gra-  
titude, judgment, availability, consis-  
tency, and of pre-eminent skill and dis-  
cretion make him the candidate of the  
Silverites. He is an organizer of the  
first water and can combine at once  
into an impenetrable phalanx the  
hydra forms of opposition to gold.  
Now is the time, the set time for the  
silver wing of the Democratic party  
to favor Mr. Bland. Leave Cleveland  
to nurse his little Marion and his big  
goldbug schemes, while the summer  
zephyrs milk his moustache and keep  
the pulsing life in normal action as  
they rock the silver waves of Buzzard's  
Bay.

Bland is the man and his banner is  
the best imitation of "Old Glory" that  
the Democrats can produce.

IT WILL DO VERY MUCH GOOD.  
There are many good people who de-  
plore the present hot contention over  
silver and cannot be driven from the  
conviction that Mr. Cleveland did a  
very unwise thing in precipitating the  
question upon the country. They are  
too timid and too conservative. They  
will risk no ventures. Were satan be-  
hind them, they would not fly from  
present ills to those they know nothing  
of. They are plodders, crawling snail  
like, along to points only within the  
range of their vision. Mr. Cleveland,  
on the other hand, is a progressive, re-  
sourceful, impetuous politician, "go-  
ing it blind" where he cannot see the  
daylight ahead. Whether others think  
so or not, he does not know nor does  
he hesitate long enough to care, but he  
thinks he is a much bigger man than  
all the rest, and it is his special mis-  
sion, in the dreary absence of all other  
leadership and talent in the Democratic  
party, to make its platforms and formu-  
late its principles. The trouble is,  
Mr. Cleveland is too previous, and a  
big majority of his party are too far  
rearward, and any amount of distur-  
bance, turmoil and conflict fill up the  
breach.

But we didn't start out to dissent upon  
the internal disquietudes and domestic  
afflictions of our kind and esteemed  
neighbors who are so unfortunate in  
their political alignment, nor to reveal  
to a tearful and unsympathetic world  
the sorrows that have overtaken them  
and the bitter feuds that are rending  
the once happy brotherhood. Mr.  
Cleveland will attend to all this, and  
in due time and in his own way will  
furnish the soothing and healing reme-  
dies required. Mr. Cleveland is always  
on the side of victory, and his party,  
without question or hesitation, will do  
exactly what he is pleased to command.  
Our whole and single aim is to prove,  
in our weak and feeble manner, that  
the overshadowing agitation of the sil-  
ver question will do no harm, but  
"much good, you know." It shows  
to what an extremity of desperation  
the administration is driven for an is-  
sue that will engage the public atten-  
tion and thought, since the country so  
unmercifully "swiped out" its platform  
last year. It is causing a general study  
of finances, and the result of the in-  
vestigation will be the changeless con-  
viction that the present system is the  
best that human wisdom and ingenuity  
can devise, and any experiments with it  
are fraught with serious perils. "The  
young and rising generation" of our  
citizens, still too frivolous to make any  
acquaintance with the past, but yet  
old enough to understand and appre-  
ciate the stability, soundness and uni-  
form value of all forms of the currency,  
will naturally inquire into the author-  
ship of the system. And when they  
learn that it grew out of the policy and  
statesmanship of the Republican party,  
a stately plant out of a fat soil, that it  
has served well and promptly the pur-  
poses of the people who have prospered  
beyond all precedent, they will receive  
with favor the whole faith and doc-  
trines of Republicanism.

The whole trend of the silver agita-  
tion has been to weaken and disinte-  
grate the Democracy, and to strengthen  
and solidify the Republican party.  
The Republicans don't care a whit  
about the silver issue. When they  
come into power as sure they will  
they will restore the McKinley law or  
do something better, and the currency  
will fall harmoniously into line with  
the new adjustment of the old condi-  
tions improved to suit the progress of  
the times.

IF Troubled With Rheumatism Read This.  
ANNAPOLIS, Md., April 16, 1894.—I  
have used Chamberlain's Pain Balm  
for rheumatism and found it to be all  
that is claimed for it. I believe it to  
be the best preparation for rheuma-  
tism and deep seated muscular pains  
on the market and cheerfully recom-  
mend it to the public. J. G. BROOKS,  
dealer in boots, shoes, etc., No. 18  
Main St.

ALSO READ THIS.  
MECHANICVILLE, St. Mary County, Md.  
I sold a bottle of Chamberlain's Pain  
Balm to a man who had been suffer-  
ing with rheumatism for several years.  
It made him well man. A. J. McGUIRE.  
For sale at 50 cents per bottle by F. E.  
Britton, Druggist.

PLEASANT VALLEY.  
The farmers are very busy making  
cane molasses and getting ready to  
sow wheat. There was an old time  
singing at New Hope Sunday. The  
Dunkards will have a communion  
meeting at Knob Creek next Saturday  
night and preaching on Sunday. Sam  
Grimsley has returned home from Mos-  
s Creek where he has been spending a  
few weeks in school. The school at  
Keebler's Institute began Monday.  
Wm. Squibb teacher, Wm. Ferguson  
assistant; we wish them great success.  
ONE OF THE GIRLS.

Children Cry for  
Pitcher's Castoria.

### Pine Mountain Water.

The Pine Mountain Mineral Springs  
Company are receiving the highest tes-  
timonials from every one who uses their  
valuable water; it gives health to the  
old, cures the complaint, the seriously  
afflicted, the slight complaining ones,  
as well as makes the healthy man  
feel fresh and without a pain.  
The following is a letter from a promi-  
nent Baltimore gentleman who is loud  
in his praise:

BALTIMORE, Sept. 4, 1895.  
THE PINE MOUNTAIN SPRING CO.,  
Bristol, Tenn.:  
GENTLEMEN: You will please pardon  
any seeming delay in acknowledging the  
receipt of 1 Bbl of water sent me,  
as same was used during my absence  
at the sea shore.

I wish to bear witness to the fact that  
I have not failed to receive benefit from  
the use of your water since I first  
began using it at Bristol. I have been  
a sufferer from indigestion for many  
years, and this "conscience of every  
bad stomach" has relentlessly pursued  
me with some ache or some pain, until  
I dreaded to leave home, knowing that  
a change of diet was sure to bring  
trouble. I am pleased to say that the  
sample of water which I carried with  
me during my recent trip to the moun-  
tains of your State gave me great ben-  
efit, and I returned home feeling im-  
proved and without a recurrence of  
that dreaded diarrhea, which has for  
the last ten years made my trips to  
the South anything but pleasant. I  
believe your water will benefit the  
many thousands of my fellow sufferers,  
who are so well aware of the fact that  
they have a stomach, and to show you  
the faith that is within me, please send  
me another 1 Bbl. like last.

Send to my home this time. No.  
1229, N. Calvert street. Send me bill  
and I will check for same.

Yours truly,  
RICHARD W. PRICE.

OBITUARY.  
JOHN B. HUNT.  
"Like as a shock of corn cometh in  
his season," so this good man has come  
to his "grave in a full age."

On February 16, 1895, John B. Hunt  
finished his course, breathed his last  
and went to his eternal rest. He was  
born September 19, 1815. In the year  
1844, April 18, he was married to  
Miss Rachel Vincent. Two years later,  
at Lebanon, Sullivan County, Tenn.,  
he professed saving faith in Christ  
and joined the Methodist Epis-  
copal Church, under the pastorate of  
Rev. Jesse James.

During the late rebellion he was a  
firm unionist. When the war cloud  
passed away, and Methodist Episcopal  
Church was reorganized in the South,  
with rejoicing and gladness Brother  
Hunt promptly entered her fold; for  
he never sympathized with secession  
neither in Church nor State.

For over fifty years, he and Sister  
Hunt lived, loved, and labored to-  
gether as husband and wife. For a  
half century they journeyed together,  
gazing heavenward.  
It is not strange that the aged and  
stricken companion should now say,  
"I feel lonely." But these lonely mo-  
ments of separation are fleeting by the  
and the reunion draweth nigh.  
To them six children were born, four  
sons and two daughters. All are liv-  
ing but the youngest son, George.

His death was a blow, stunning and  
staggering to his aged father. To his  
pastor he said, "I can't understand it."  
It was a reversal of the order in the  
father's mind and hope. George was  
in the strength of young manhood, and  
his father was under the weight of  
many weary years. Brother Hunt ex-  
pected the care and love of his son in  
death; but God's order was that  
George should go first and the father  
follow. So it was. Brother Hunt saw  
the strong young man breathe his last  
and go down into the grave, to make  
kindred dust, by the side of which he  
was to lie down to his last repose.

But as they both have crossed the  
great waters, and the mist have for-  
ever rolled away, it is no longer  
"strange." "Thou shalt know here-  
after."  
In the itinerant life of the writer, no  
man ever bound us to him by ties more  
strangely woven and more than did  
Uncle John B. Hunt. No one has  
manifested a greater concern for the  
comfort of the writer and his family,  
during a pastorate of two years on the  
Fall Branch charge, than did this  
sainted man of God.

When our feet shall have ceased to  
travel in earth's muddy road, now let  
us go to join our translated friend and  
brother, we shall thank him again yon-  
der in the presence of the "just made  
perfect," in the presence of angels and  
of his Redeemer and ours for his brotherly  
spirit toward us, and for his un-  
wavering loyalty to the church.

John B. Hunt was the Methodist  
preacher's firm friend. Many who  
shared the hospitality of his home and  
received from his hand, hard and honest-  
earned money, have passed away. But  
a large number of ministers in the  
Holston Conference remain, who em-  
balm him in their hearts to God.

Brother Hunt loved the church. He  
was a Methodist of the olden type. He  
gave liberally of his means to support  
the gospel.

Often did we hear it said, while his  
pastor, "When Uncle John Hunt is  
gone, they both are gone." To his  
Episcopal Church throughout the  
Fall Branch charge.

Since his transition we have heard  
it said—said at Sulphur Spring camp-  
meeting, "We miss Uncle John Hunt."  
"The righteous shall be in everlasting  
remembrance."  
Brother Hunt was a man of marked  
industry and economy. He succeeded  
well in business; but at what cost of  
ease and strength few will ever know.  
He did not allow the things that must  
be left this side of the grave, to intrude  
on his hours of devotion. From the  
time he gave his heart to God, he kept  
the family altar warm with the  
breath of prayer. He was punctual in  
his attendance upon public worship.  
He has left behind him a rich legacy  
to the church, his wife, children and  
kindred.

As we think of his life, we can sing,  
"Servant of God well done." That  
hast risen above all earth's dangers,  
triumphed over the last enemy, and  
has gone to thy eternal rest.  
"O thou root and offspring of David;  
thou bright and morning star; con-  
descend to thy disciples, comfort and  
mother them; children through the re-  
maining darkness of their pilgrimage,  
till they are ushered into the sunlight  
of immortal day."  
T. H. HODGE.  
Chucky City, Sept. 8, 1895.

Resolutions on Behalf of the Philoma-  
than Literary Society.  
WHEREAS, The angel of death has taken  
from our midst our beloved brother,  
E. M. Shipley; therefore, be it  
Resolved, That we, the members of  
the Philomathan Literary Society of  
U. S. Grant University, Athens,  
Tenn., recognize in his death an irre-  
parable loss.

ample of a pure and spotless career,  
and the sweet remembrance of a true  
and loving life, worthy of our imi-  
tation, and that we are the better for  
having been associated with him.  
Resolved, That by his death our  
earthly bond has been once more  
loosened, and a golden strand has again  
been woven into the bond that unites  
us to the higher and happier life above.  
Resolved, That we mingle our sor-  
row with that of his bereaved, and bow  
to the will of Him who smites in love,  
despising not the chastening rod of the  
Lord, knowing that He doth all things  
well.

Resolved, That his hour glass is broken,  
his armor is laid aside, his strife  
is over, and his glorified spirit has as-  
cended to the realm of the blest, where,  
with virtue that is celestial, truth that  
is eternal, and love that is divine, we  
will strive to join him to separate no  
more.

Resolved, That a copy of this besent  
to the family of the deceased, and a  
copy be printed in the college paper,  
and a copy be spread on the records of  
the society.

J. R. TRETT, Chm'n.  
C. C. HACKER,  
G. H. LEMON.  
ATHENS, TENN., Sept. 26, 1895.

### In Memory of Eugene Morton Shipley.

On Friday, September 20, about 6:30  
in the evening, it so pleased the om-  
nipotent Creator to remove from this  
life the pure spirit of our friend and  
classmate, Eugene Shipley.  
It is very hard to realize just why  
this young man, with whom we have  
been associated thus far in life, and  
with whom we had hoped to journey  
on until greater things had been ac-  
complished, should be taken from us  
at the very threshold of manhood.

As we view the record of his life—so  
full of noble purpose, and think how  
easily he won the friendship and es-  
teem of all who met him—so sorely  
lament that brilliant future of honor and  
usefulness for which he was so dili-  
gently laboring.

He was prepared, however, for  
brighter honors than this life can give.  
The preparations for Heaven were far  
in advance of those for the world, and  
so God bid him come up higher—far  
above the trials of earth; the sickness  
and sorrow of life; the fame of men;  
the courts of honor; up, up, up to re-  
ceive the crown of life from the Lord  
of lords and King of kings.

We know that he shall never forget  
him, and shall continue to miss his  
useful and noble influence. Yet he be-  
lieves that his spirit will be a blessing  
to his classmates and to those who  
good better off, and leaves us a better  
legacy in his spotless character and  
good example than he has remained to  
share the trials of the world.

In school Eugene always stood fore-  
most, not only as an example of good  
moral character, but also as a model  
in college duties. He was ever ready to  
perform his work, and so made himself  
useful to his classmates and teachers.  
An easy and good speaker, he took  
great pleasure in literary societies, and  
before his graduation was one of the  
best leaders of the Alpha Sigma So-  
ciety. He was the first one out of twelve  
who composed the class of '94, and we  
believe the first graduate from the  
Jonesboro Graded School who has yet  
been called home. May we all so live  
in the future that we shall be again  
united. What brighter joys could we  
wish our classmates than those he is  
sharing in Heaven today? What better  
can we who are left behind—a broken  
class, an uneven number—do than bid  
him—

"Go, fair example of untainted youth,  
Of modest manner and pacific truth;  
Composed in suffering and in joy sedate;  
Good without noise, without pretensions  
great."  
"Just of thy word, in every thought sin-  
cere."  
Who knew no wish but what the world  
might hear;  
Of softest manner, unaffected mind,  
Lover of peace and friend of human  
kind."

To the bereaved family and friends  
we offer our deep sympathy and com-  
mend our classmate to Him who gath-  
ers home the faithful.

CLASS OF '94, J. G. S.

### Resolutions in Memory of Mrs. Ella L. Mason.

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty  
God in His infinite wisdom to take  
from us our beloved friend and co-  
worker, Mrs. Ella L. Mason; and  
whereas, our dear sister has been a zealous  
and untiring worker in our soci-  
eties; therefore be it

Resolved, That while we bow in  
humble submission to the divine will,  
our hearts are sad because of the irre-  
parable loss we have sustained in her  
death.

Resolved, That we as members of  
the Woman's Foreign Missionary So-  
ciety, and Parsonage and House Mis-  
sion Society strive to emulate her  
many noble traits of character, and  
profit by her example of faithfulness  
in the performance of duty.

Resolved, That we extend to her be-  
reaved husband, little children, and  
large circle of relatives, the sympathy  
that arises from the deep grief which  
we ourselves may have felt.

Resolved, That we may have that  
comfort which God alone can give.

Resolved, That these resolutions be

### Neuralgia

Is the Prayer of  
the Nerves For  
Pure Blood

Pains Relieved  
Blood Purified and  
Nerves Made Strong by

### Hood's Sarsaparilla

"It gives me great pleasure to state  
that Hood's Sarsaparilla has done for me  
and my wife. She has been afflicted with  
neuralgia pains in her head for six years  
and it settled in her eyes. At times she  
would be totally blind and have to stay  
in a dark room for months."

A short time  
ago we began  
using Hood's  
Sarsaparilla and  
today, thank  
God, she is able  
to attend to her  
household duties,  
which she had not  
previously done for  
years. My own case was somewhat simi-  
lar, and since taking Hood's Sarsaparilla  
the inflammation has left my eyes and my  
nerves have become quieted. My health  
today is better than it has been for sev-  
eral years. I am gaining in strength and  
I feel like a new man." WILLIAM H.  
BUSHAKAK, Judsonia, Arkansas.

Hood's Sarsaparilla Cures  
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spread upon our minutes, and a copy  
sent to the Herald and Tribune for pub-  
lication.

MRS. J. M. FINK,  
MRS. M. H. P. PANHORST, Com.  
MRS. MOLLE SPARKS.

Ella Landon Mason.  
The youngest child of Rev. Alexander  
N. Harris, was born April 11, 1848; was  
married to Charles S. Mason December  
18, 1884, and died at her home in Jones-  
boro, Tenn., September 22, 1895.

Mrs. Mason was the youngest of eleven  
children, six of whom preceded her to  
the silence and solitude of the grave.  
She was a woman of great ability and  
culture—of an impressive character, and  
exhibited a type of noble womanhood  
that left its impress on her friends and  
loved ones here, and will linger long in  
their memory, and in their hearts will  
live forever. Affable, kind and cour-  
teous to all with whom she was associ-  
ated, her ability to make friends was ex-  
ceeded only by her power to hold them.  
But the crowning excellence of her pure  
life was the religion of Jesus Christ. She  
was an earnest, consecrated Christian,  
of her conversion she left this record,  
written February 3, 1870: "I joined the  
M. E. Church, South, Sunday, January  
26, 1870, and after many weary days and  
weeks of earnest prayer, I found the Sa-  
vior and was happily converted on the  
Sabbath day, February 2, 1870. And by  
the help of my God I intend to be faith-  
ful to the end of my life. I may al-  
ways feel the love of the dear Savior as  
I feel it now. ELLA LANDON HARRIS."

She was ardently attached to the  
church of which she was a faithful mem-  
ber—interested in every department of  
its work, and for its success she labored  
and prayed. She was President of the  
Woman's Foreign Missionary Society of  
Jonesboro Station, and was faithful to  
all its duties. A woman of her convic-  
tions and character would naturally op-  
pose all that was opposed to the cause of  
right; hence she endorsed and adopted  
the spirit and work of the Woman's  
Christian Temperance Union, in which  
she was a member, and blessing to the  
work. Her superb ambition seemed to  
be on the side of right. Her life work  
proved the genuineness of her religious  
profession, but it is closed. We believe  
she has gone from here to rest. The  
testimony to the saving power of Divine  
grace which shone in her conversion and  
life, is such only a Christian can give,  
true and brave. Her life a benediction  
to her bereaved husband and little ones,  
and her death a loss to the relatives,  
the church and the community. God  
and man have lost a noble woman, a  
keenly sorrowful affliction, and  
bring him and those three little children  
to heaven, where sorrows and separa-  
tions are no more. J. D. HICKSON.

### In Memory of Our Dear Sister, Mrs. Ella L. Mason.

Through the providence of an allwise  
and loving Father the first break in the  
ranks of the Jonesboro W. C. T. U., by  
promotion to the great beyond, has  
been made.

Our sister, Ella L. Mason, was a true  
woman in the broadest and grandest  
sense of the word. Ever on the alert to  
gain all the help that would enable  
her to more fully discharge her duties  
as wife, mother and Christian, she was  
in touch with the great questions of the  
day that concern the uplifting of all  
humanity. She will live long in the  
hearts of those who knew her best and  
loved her most. Time takes them  
home that we loved to the soft, long  
sleep, to the broad, sweet bosom of  
death.

As a token of love and remembrance  
we adopt the following resolutions:  
Resolved, That we, as an organiza-  
tion, feel our great loss, and while our  
hearts are filled with sadness, we rever-  
ently bow to the will of a loving  
Father, who doeth all things well.

Resolved, That we tender to the be-  
reaved husband and relatives our deepest  
sympathy, and may these words of  
Jesus comfort them: "Weep not; she is  
not dead, but sleepeth."  
Resolved, That these resolutions be  
entered on the record of our society,  
and that a copy of the same be handed  
to the Herald and Tribune for publica-  
tion.

MRS. J. B. SIMPSON,  
MRS. ALBERT BACON, Com.  
MRS. J. H. EPPS.

### Miss Kate Denderick.

Whereas, God, in His allwise pro-  
vidence, had been pleased to call to her  
heavenly inheritance one of our most  
loving and sympathetic helpers and  
beloved members, Miss Kate Denderick.  
We, as members of the First Presby-  
terian Sabbath School of Jonesboro,  
desire to express our bereavement in  
the loss of one whose Christian com-  
panionship and relations to us were  
ever characterized by so much helpful-  
ness in the Master's cause.

Resolved, That in her death our Sab-  
bath School has lost one of its most  
efficient members, a woman of thor-  
ough competence and consecration,  
whose zeal for the Master and whose  
devotion to the interests of her church  
and Sabbath School never failed or  
faltered.

Resolved, That as our counsellor and  
comforter, her noble inspiration for the  
advancement of Christ's kingdom, we  
mourn an irreparable loss.

Resolved, That while we feel her loss  
most keenly, that we ask Him who  
knoweth best, to help us say "Thy  
will be done," and that though now  
dwelling in heavenly mansions, she  
may yet be our aid, inspiring our  
Sabbath School to nobler works and  
fuller services by the consistent Chris-  
tian life she led while among us.

Resolved, That we extend our heart-  
felt sympathy to the sorrowing loved  
ones, and ask God to comfort their  
hearts with the assurance of the thought  
that "Those who sleep in Jesus are not  
lost to us."

Resolved, That a copy of these resolu-  
tions be furnished the Herald and  
Tribune and Christian Observer with  
the request that they be published.

MRS. HUNTER,  
MRS. WRIGHT HOSK, Com.  
MISS LIDA DOGGETT.

### PARKER'S HAIR BALM

Chickadee's English Diamond Brand.  
Original and Genuinely Good.  
Parker's Hair Balm is a preparation of  
the most refined and purest materials,  
and is the only hair dressing that will  
keep the hair soft and supple, and  
prevent it from becoming dry and  
brittle. It is the only hair dressing  
that will keep the hair from falling  
out, and is the only hair dressing  
that will keep the hair from becoming  
gray. It is the only hair dressing  
that will keep the hair from becoming  
thin. It is the only hair dressing  
that will keep the hair from becoming  
rough. It is the only hair dressing  
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itchy. It is the only hair dressing  
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